Sunday School ADVOCATE

J. D. FELTER - ENG.

VOLUME XXXVII.—NUMBER 16. MAY 25, 1878. WHOLE NUMBER 920.

The Discontented Donkey.

MRS. LONGEARS and her son Frisky were grazing one day in Farmer Smith's long meadow. Mrs. Longears was a most respectable old donkey, known to all the country round as an animal who would do her work thoroughly and well, and if kindly treated, as she was sure to be by her own master, seldom kick or give way to bad temper in any way. She was standing very quietly, nibbling a little grass now and then, but, in truth, more than half asleep. Young Frisky did not seem nearly so easy in his mind. He was rubbing his back against an old broken post, and at last his discontent broke forth.

"I wish — I wish — O, mother, I wish I was anywhere else. I wish I had another master, and could do just as I liked, and go just where I felt inclined."

"And what would be the good of that, you silly young thing?"

"Why should we donkeys never have our own way, but just have to do exactly what Farmer Smith wants? The other day you said you had the rheumatism, and yet you had to drag the cart down to market. I call it a great shame, and whatever you may say, I should like my liberty."

"Well," sleepily answered his mother; "I don't understand it, I suppose. I am quite contented with a kind master like Farmer Smith. But here comes Mr. Bulgysides. He is always saying that he knows a good deal; ask him to tell you what he thinks."

An old yellow frog slowly hopped up.

"Well, do you want any advice?" he said. "I am always ready to give advice."

"I say that I want my liberty, and the power to do just what I choose," grumbled young Frisky; "and I think it is a great shame that I am not my own master."

"And I think so, too," answered Mr. Bulgysides, "and if I were you, I would soon let Farmer Smith know what I thought. If you are meek and obedient, of course you get finely put upon; but just show a little spirit, kick up your heels, refuse to go on when the farmer wants you to, and he will soon find out that you are a donkey that knows his own worth."

"And a nice return that would be to Farmer Smith for his kindness to Frisky ever since he was born," quietly said Mrs. Longears, "for the warm straw, and shelter, and good food that he has had."

"And what good has it been?" retorted the frog. "He would have had food enough on the common, and as to shelter, I dare say he would rather have fresh air. Give *me* liberty! *I* would not submit to any one. I would not be bound to obey any master's whims. No, not I!"

"Well," said the gentle Mrs. Longears, "I love my master, and a little restraint is no hardship. I spent some months of my life on the common, free to do just as I liked, and I have no wish to do so again. Sometimes the sun was scorching hot, and there was no shade worth speaking of, and I had a long way to go to get any water, while here in the field there is always this pond. Then sometimes the wind would blow so cold, and the rain come down so fast, that I should have been thankful for the stall that young Frisky despises. Then there were often rude, cruel boys about, who delighted in pelting me and driving me about, till I was so tired I did not know what to do. All I can say is, that I am quite contented with my present lot, and the best thing I can do is to be a good servant to a good master."

"O well, Mrs. Longears," said the frog, "if you are contented, well and good, but I have more spirit than to be a slave. *I* would not allow any one to drive me about. I know how to take

care of myself. I keep my eyes well open. No doubt you can see them, ma'am, sticking out, one on one side, and one on the other; and I can keep clear of enemies, and I am afraid of nothing; I—"

"I! I! I! He seems made up of *I's*," remarked some one beside them in a harsh voice, and, looking round, they saw Mr. Wise, the raven, gravely perched upon the old wooden post.

"Pray go on, Mr. Bulgysides," he said, "do not let me interrupt you."

"I was merely remarking," continued the frog, haughtily, "that I perfectly agree with our young friend in his wish to have his own way, and declaring that *I* would never submit to such restraints."

"Well," said Mr. Wise, cocking his head on one side, "I should just say, and I think Mrs. Longears will agree with me, that young Master Frisky is suffering from a fit of discontent, and that if he were to have his will and be turned out on the common, he would soon find something to grumble at. He would wish he were a pony, or any thing but what he is. I think, instead of wanting less, he wants a little more restraint, and then he would learn when he is well off. To have too much of one's own way often makes people discontented."

"I am never discontented," said the frog, "and I always please myself."

"I am very glad if it is so," said Mr. Wise. "I did once hear of a frog—but perhaps he was no relation of yours—who was so envious of the size of the ox who came down to drink at the pond, that in his longing to be as big he puffed himself out, and swelled and swelled until he—well, until he came to a very bad end indeed. Frisky has liberty enough as it is. He is free to choose whether he will be a good servant or a bad one, and if I were he. I know which I would choose."

Frisky turned his eyes upon Mr. Wise. Perhaps, after all, he was right. Perhaps he knew as much of the world as Mr. Bulgysides, although he did not make so much boast of his knowledge. The frog began again, "I can go where I please; no one can drive me about."

"Quack! quack! quack!" eagerly cried a white duck, catching sight of Mr. Bulgysides, who was in her eyes a most dainty morsel.

Splash!

Frisky looked round. Where was Mr. Bulgysides? Where was the free, bold, independent gentleman whom nothing could move against his will? Trembling and crouching at the bottom of the pond, in an agony of terror lest the duck's long neck should be able to reach him at the bottom of the shallow water. Mr. Wise gave a deep "caw," and both the donkeys laughed. (Did you ever hear a donkey laugh, little reader? No? Then go any gloomy day, when it is going to rain, to some place where you know a donkey lives, and you will hear something very funny indeed, so funny that if you do not laugh as well as the donkey, I shall be very much surprised.)

"And now, young Frisky, you have had a lesson," said the raven. "You just stop here quietly, do as your master bids you, do your duty cheerfully, and take your pleasures thankfully; and learn that a life spent all for yourself, and all in your own way, is not the happiest life, but that a little restraint is good for all, especially for the young."

After a few moments' thought, Frisky quietly began grazing with a more contented look upon his face, and Mr. Wise flew away into a tree, thinking that after all his advice was at any rate as good as that of Mr. Bulgysides, and that young Frisky would be none the worse for taking it. And I think so too, reader, don't you?—*Sunday-School Companion.*

Song of the Monkey.

My master grinds an organ,
And leads me by a chain;
And when I pick the money up,
You laugh and shout again:
Ha, ha, ha!
But though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn;
I wish I were in monkey-land,
The place where I was born.

There cocoa-nuts are growing
Beneath the palm-tree's crown;
I used to climb and pick them off,
And hear them—crash! come down:
Ha, ha, ha!
There all day long the purple figs
Are dropping, I declare;
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land!
I would that I were there.

On some tall tree's top branches,
The fleecy clouds would sail
Just over me; I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail:
Ha, ha, ha!
To swing about so merrily,
How happy I should be!
But O! a traveling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

—*Ragged School Song.*

A Voyage of Discovery.

BY UNCLE ALDEN.

Near the village in which I passed my childhood was a deep, narrow stream, which we were forbidden to visit, but often looked upon with longing eyes. But at last our opportunity came. We could not go to the river, but the river came to us. One spring the heavy body of snow which had lain on the ground all winter was suddenly melted and went off, carrying with it the mill-dams and bridges, and a good portion of the village. I remember seeing a mark cut high upon a tree as the limit of the waters.

In consequence of this rise in the streams a portion of the village was inundated, and the water entered our cellar to the depth of several feet. Here was an opportunity for learning navigation not to be neglected. Accordingly, sister Sarah and I cautiously crept down the cellar stairs one afternoon, although forbidden, and looked about for a vessel. Every thing was afloat, and soon we espied a couple of wash-tubs floating about, and, having got along side, we cautiously boarded them and embarked upon our voyage, not exactly like the three wise men of Gotham, for we each had a tub. We bade good-bye to land, and steered our course for California, the end of all our imaginary journeys.

Around and round we paddled, with many shouts of childish glee and exultation in our first successful voyage, when suddenly my vessel capsized and left me struggling in the water far beyond my depth. Still we did not scream for help, but sister reached me her paddle to aid me, grasping which I only overturned her unstable craft, and added one more to the shipwrecked crew. Then we called for help as well as we could while choking with water. Fortunately, father heard us and came to the rescue. I had, however, gone down for the last time, and he saw only sister. But as soon as she was rescued she gasped, "Let me go, and save Sammy," pointing to the spot where I had disappeared. At last I was found and borne senseless up the stairs, and after much effort was resuscitated. I was soon out again and quite a hero in the eyes of the neighboring children, as I told of my voyage to California, and declared that I had been "drown-ded." But that event taught me a lesson in obedience, and a wholesome fear of the water, which have often since proved most valuable discoveries made in my brief voyage.

The Child and the Lion.

A little boy, the child of one of the Dutch settlers in South Africa, had strayed from the settlement; the parents, gathering together a few friends, went in search of him. After some time they found marks of his footsteps leading into the bush or jungle; following up these, they came upon a large open space, at the farther side of which they discovered the object of their search, sitting, hugging a little wooden doll, and munching a piece of bread and butter.

Before they could make their way through the thick tangled undergrowth a large lion sprang into the clearing. The little boy, far from being frightened, ran to meet the lion, holding up his bread and butter, and said, "Take a bit, doggie."

The father stood powerless to move or speak through fear, expecting each instant to see the infant crushed under the lion's paw; but, instead of doing as he dreaded, the lion turned himself over and lay on his back at the child's feet, looking up in his face as a cat would do at play. Watching his opportunity, the father fired, hitting the lion in the knee. The animal sprang up, and, leaving the child, rushed on the party, and, after a short violent struggle, in which two of the party were injured, he was shot dead through the eye.

From this circumstance the child was christened by the settlers "Daniel."

Story of Turner the Painter.

Joseph William Turner, one of the greatest of English landscape painters, was one of the committee whose business it was to arrange about hanging the pictures sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. The walls were already crowded when his attention was attracted by one which had been painted by an unknown artist, from some distant town, and who had no friend to advance his interest.

"A good picture," exclaimed Turner, as soon as his critical eye rested on it; "it must be hung up, and exhibited."

"Impossible!" replied the other members of the committee, with one voice. "The arrangement cannot be disturbed. Quite impossible!"

"A good picture," persisted the generous Turner; "it must be hung up." And, so saying, he took down one of his own pictures, and put the unknown Mr. Bird's in its place!

Let us learn the lesson of not looking every one on his own things, but every one also on the things of others.

Cranberries.

A young Japanese, while in the United States, expressed much surprise at seeing cranberries eaten at the table, and said that in the mountains of Japan they grow very large and beautiful, but are never cooked. Some old man occasionally goes up the mountain and picks a large basket full of them, which he brings on his shoulders down to the town. Here the boys gather about him, and for a small coin purchase the right to crowd their pockets with them. And what use do you think they make of this otherwise useless fruit?

The boys blow the glowing berries through rattan tubes, as our boys blow beans through tin ones. That's what cranberries are used for in Japan, where they grow in great perfection.

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot sometin' to say," was the innocent reply.

Sunday-School Advocate.

MAY 25, 1878.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.
J. M. FREEMAN, Assistant Editor

How to be Happy.

We often hear it said, "The way to be happy is to be good." This is, no doubt, true, but then many boys and girls, yes, and men and women, too, are asking the question, "How can I be good?" It is much easier to say, "I want to be good," or, "I'll try to be good," or, "I will be good," than it is to *be* good. Thus, if we want to learn how to be happy we must learn how to be good.

Even little people are not long in discovering that there is something within us which sometimes makes it hard to be good; that it is easier to do wrong than to do right; that we can do wrong without any body to help us, but that we need help to do right.

Just here, then, comes the answer to the question, "How can I be good?" If you need help ask for it. Ask whom? Parents, brothers, sisters, friends? Yes, ask them, for they can often help you. But there is One who can help you more than they all; that is, God. Ask him to help you. This is what we call prayer. He loves to have people pray to him, and children may do this, as well as others.

Sinful thoughts bring sinful words and deeds; we are, therefore, to guard against the thoughts. Ask God to drive away all wicked thoughts and tempers, and to keep you from doing wrong. Thus you will find out how to be good, and in this you will also find out how to be happy.

How to Pray.

Do you know what prayer is? It is not merely kneeling down and saying over words we have learned. We may pray when we do this, but we may also do it and not pray, and we can likewise pray in some other way.

If you get some good thing from your parents you thank them; and, if you want any thing else you ask for it. When you have done wrong you ask them to forgive you, or, at least, you ought to. So we are to come to God thanking him for the many good things he gives us; asking him for all the good we need; confessing to him our sins, and asking him to forgive them for the sake of Jesus our Saviour.

This is prayer. It is talking with God, and telling him, as you would tell your parents, just what is in your heart. If you use some of the simple forms of prayer which are taught to children, be sure that your heart is in them, and that you mean what the words mean. If you use your own words, think of what you say, and mean what you say. The great God, though you cannot see him, is very near you, and loves to have you pray to him. He always sees you, never forgets you, and is always ready to hear your prayers.

Who Can Beat This?

The following note from the Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., is well worth reading:—

"Master Frank B. Wood of our school has been present every session for seven consecutive years, and has not been late during the same time. Who can exceed him?

"J. C. Acker, Superintendent."

Old Mister Cobblejigs.

BY CRISPINO.

Old Mister Cobblejigs lived all alone in a queer little house that stood on the north side of a country road. He was one of the curiosities of the place, and quite as important a person as the minister, the lawyer, or the doctor, for, besides being a cobbler, he had studied theology, law, and medicine, and any difficulty was sure to be referred to Mister Cobblejigs.

All through the day you could hear him hammering away on his lap-stone, and some of the neighbors declared that he kept pegging away all through the night, which might have been the truth, for it had become so natural to him to read and work together, that if he laid down his hammer he might drop asleep over his book.

Very frequently when a sentence commanded his attention he would suspend operations, and sit for some time without changing his attitude, as if to get the thought into his brain, and then peg away all the harder to clinch it into his memory. Even after he lost the sight of one eye he continued to read all the harder. "For," said he, "if I lose the other one I'll have to take it out in thinking, and that'll be bad for the circulating library!"

He had studied the word of God very closely, but, I am sorry to say, not very affectionately, but purely for the sake of argument. He believed in it to a certain extent, but as his heart had never been converted it had never become the right sort of a receptacle for God's truth. He led a moral life, and he made good shoes, and he called that religion.

The neighbors used to say that old Cobblejigs was tougher than a side of sole-leather, that he had waxed ends for heart-strings, and lived altogether upon shoe-pegs soaked in vinegar. But that was all nonsense, you know. He was really a very wise old fellow, intellectually wise, you will understand, and stuck to his opinions as closely as he stuck to his last; but there were some people who disapproved of his being invited to take a class in Sunday-school.

The idea of old Cobblejigs teaching the way of salvation! It was ridiculous! How could he? But the parson knew what he was about; and little Kitty Parson—for that was what the children called the minister's daughter, as her other name was too long—decided the case for old Cobblejigs. She liked him, queer as he was, and insisted on his taking charge of her class, and said she would call for him every Sunday morning.

It was a funny sight to see the two together, and old Doctor Whitehead used to go out of his way to meet them, and would invariably shake his head with a great deal of satisfaction as he watched them going into the church.

Kitty Parson would have her way, and so they gave the new teacher a class of four little girls about Kitty's own age, and it was droll to see the poor cobbler sitting in the midst of them and trying to explain Scripture. It was harder work for him than making infants' shoes. He couldn't seem to talk to them at all, and so he let the children do all the talking, and, on Kitty's account, forced himself to listen.

They spoke of Jesus and heaven as if they had been to the holy place, and had seen the glory that was in it; and when he looked at their faces a strange feeling came over old Cobblejigs, a disturbance in the region of the heart; and often during the week-days he would find his thoughts wandering toward the little ones instead of being fixed upon the solution of a scientific problem.

It took a long, long time to clear away the rubbish from around the cobbler's heart, and to soften the hard and stony substance, but at last it was done through these little children.

The Bronze Lamp at Pisa.

BY MISS PAMELA H. GOODWIN.

It is a large, handsome lamp—the bronze lamp at Pisa.

"But is there only one? You said *the* lamp—and does it light all Pisa?"

Well, my inquiring mind, you are yet young, or you would know that though there may be hundreds of lamps in Pisa, the world knows only one, and that this one. Once upon a time, though its tapers were not lighted, it sent out such a flood of light that its beams reach every civilized town on the globe.

"The Bible didn't come from Pisa, did it?"

You are a very good child to take a moral view of the subject so soon, but the lamp at Pisa is not so great a lamp as the Bible, and it has not done men nearly as much good, but still it is very valuable.

"Is it noted for its beauty, like the seven golden candle-sticks?"

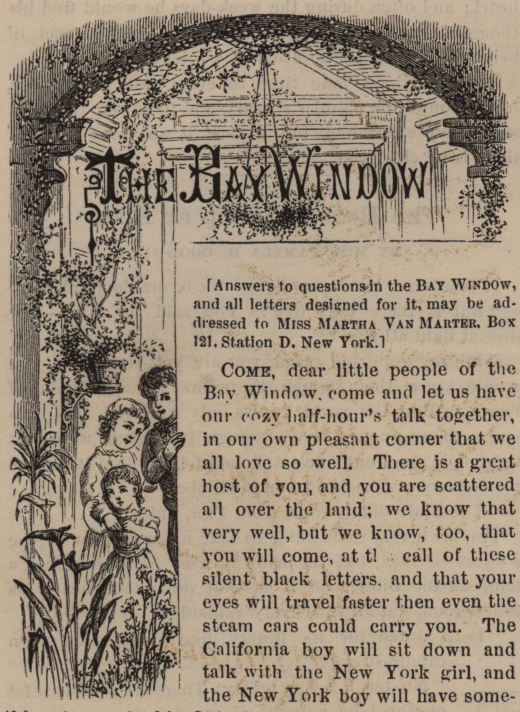
No, but it is very pretty. There are four little fat cherub boys without wings, standing on one rim and holding up another, containing these bands and rosettes and carved scroll-work, and very many little pendants that hold the lights, looking like little balances that are ready to adjust all the difficulties in the world. It is in the fine old cathedral to-day, suspended from the ceiling, just as it was hundreds of years ago, when it became so famous, and you can see it when you go to Europe. But there are doubtless handsomer lamps than this in Pisa.

"I wish you would tell me about it. Did it ever shine in our town?"

Well, I intend to tell you, but you keep me answering questions. Yes, it shines into your town and in your own home. Did you ever listen to the measured ticking of a clock and watch the hands move slowly? The benefit that clocks do the world is the light that came from the lamp at Pisa.

A man of noble family, but quite poor, named Vincenzio de Galilei had a very bright little boy named Galileo. The father intended that his child should be a trader in wool, but as the little fellow improved so rapidly under his father's instructions, and seemed so anxious and quick to learn, he waited, hoping some opportunity would open for Galileo's higher education. Under his father he became a fine musician, and was far advanced in Latin and Greek. When he was a little past seventeen, in 1581, he was sent to a large school—the University at Pisa, to study medicine and philosophy. He did not study books simply, but things; and, while he was always courteous, he gave great offense to his professors sometimes because he dared to question and doubt what a great philosopher, Aristotle, had said. He used often to sit in the great cathedral and look at the painting and statuary, richly gilded ceiling, and carved pillars, just as any one else would do. But one day the bronze lamp of which I have been telling you, that was suspended by a very long cord from the ceiling of the nave, was by some means put in motion, and the young man found himself indolently watching it swinging forward and backward again and again.

But, as I said, this young man had learned to think for himself. Shorter and shorter grew the arcs, or parts of a circle, through which the lamp passed, but it moved with a slower motion. A thought came into his mind. Was not the time of each vibration the same, whether the distance was greater or smaller? He set the lamp to swinging again, and watched, and was sure he had found a truth. His mind being full of the study of medicine, he made a little instrument with a pendulum, by which he could measure the variations in the beating of the pulse. This was the first little instrument that ever measured duration by means of the pendulum, and within the lifetime of Galileo many clocks were made to tell the time of day. Galileo's genius lighted the bronze lamp, and the beams have never been extinguished. Little objects and slight actions often have great influence.



[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, Box 121, Station D, New York.]

COME, dear little people of the Bay Window, come and let us have our cozy half-hour's talk together, in our own pleasant corner that we all love so well. There is a great host of you, and you are scattered all over the land; we know that very well, but we know, too, that you will come, at the call of these silent black letters, and that your eyes will travel faster then even the steam cars could carry you. The California boy will sit down and talk with the New York girl, and the New York boy will have something to say to his Ohio brother, though he has never seen him, and, probably, never will. Are you not glad and thankful that you are alive now, when the world is so wide awake, and so full of helps and blessings for every one of you?

The Bay Window isn't big enough to hold all of your letters this time, and so we shall have to take little bits of some of them, for we must get through the list this time. Here are two little "first letters:" One from May Lewis of Frankfort, and the other from Willie H. Smith of Rough Woods, Iowa. Both are eight years old—the children, not the letters; both go to Sunday-school and love the ADVOCATE and Bay Window; and, here is a secret about the sweet little letters. In one the word "wrote" is spelled "rote," and in the other "eight," is spelled "aight!" Willie wants to join the L. L. He has read the pledge, and says he "wants to keep every word of it." That is good. Look for your name in the next ADVOCATE. And May wears the white and blue ribbon, and is a temperance girl. God bless you both, dear children, and make you "lights in the world." Do you know what that means?

Natalie Richmond with three of her playmates, have formed a little society to help the poor. Natalie is going to make a scrap-book for some poor, sick child. When you get it done, carry it with your own hands to the child, will you not? A little visit helps and cheers more than you know, sometimes. We shall hope to hear from this "society" again some day.

Charlie Griswold, of Darien, N. Y., is the first from his Sunday-school to write to the Bay Window. He says, "I like good children, and my aim is to keep good company." Ah! Charlie, you little know how much depends upon that! Hold fast to that aim, and you will be very likely to grow into a good, true manhood. Look for your name in the next L. L. list.

"May Ellen," (is that the right name?) writes from Porter, Ohio. She, too, is a temperance girl, and wants to join the L. L., for she says she "hates to see animals abused." May you always keep that tender heart, dear child!

Nellie Green wants to join the L. L. with those five little girls from Idaho City, for she, too, wants to get all of the "fulls" into her heart and life. You are very welcome, Nellie, not only to the large company, but to this little one, we are sure. Nellie says she "tries to help her mamma a great deal, and to learn her lessons well." That is wise and right, Nellie. Shall we whisper something in your ear? Pay great attention to your spelling lessons, will you not, dear?

Harry S. Williams, from Ohio, is the only child left from a household of six! He writes that three brothers and two sisters have gone to live in heaven. Do you ever think, Harry, how much father and mother are hoping from you? You must try to be a real joy and blessing to them! We are glad you want to join the L. L., and hope you will study the pledge faithfully, and try to carry out its spirit in your life.

One little friend writes from Fortville, Ind., and signs only the initials, "B. A. K." We are glad to hear from you, and to know that you find the pages of the ADVOCATE "a light to your little soul, to lead you on in good and holy ways." You will find plenty of light all along your way in life, dear child, if you will only look for it. Try to get your eyes open while you are young, and then you will see the good and true things.

"SOMERS' POINT, N. J., March 4, 1878.

"*Dear Friends of the L. L.:* You will get tired of seeing so many of my letters, but this time I have some good news for you. I have persuaded one of my cousins to join the L. L. Her name is Carrie Risley. She says she is afraid she cannot keep the motto and pledge, but I tell her she must try, and I will try to help her. I hope there will soon be two thousand names on the roll. I always liked the ADVOCATE, but since I have joined the L. L. I like it still better. Will you tell me how long it has been since the society was first thought of, and who formed it? I want you to grant me one favor. Please draw a picture of a diamond puzzle solved in the ADVOCATE. I am still unable to go to school, but I hope when summer comes to get better.

"Truly your friend, LIZZIE J. PRICE."

We are not far from the two thousand you are longing to see, Lizzie. And we are growing and growing all the time! We cannot just tell you when the L. L. was first *thought* of, but the first mention of it in the ADVOCATE appeared in the paper dated November 28, 1874. The pledge first appeared a month later. "Aunt May," never to be forgotten by the children, then sat in the Bay Window, and made it a bright and pleasant place. She does not forget her dear L. L.'s, by any means, and wishes you, from the bottom of her loving heart, all success and increase.

Now about the diamond puzzle. Here is one. You see that the same word, dream, runs up and down, and across. So of No. 2, Are, and so of No. 4, Ear. 1 and 5 are consonants. A square word must spell the same crosswise and downward. Here is one. Examine it closely, and you will see how it is.

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  D
  A R E
D R E A M
  E A R
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VERB
EVIL
RISE
BLEW

PUZZLE BOX.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters. My 1 2 3 8 4 is a kind of evergreen. My 5 2 6 8 is a way of cooking. My 9 3 5 9 is the name of a river. My whole is a book we all ought to read.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

My first is in new, but not in old,
My second is in heat, but not in cold;
My third is in wing, but not in fly,
My fourth is in jam, but not in pry;
My fifth is in fence, but not in rail,
My sixth is in rain, but not in hail;
My seventh is in steal, but not in theft,
My eighth is in leave, and also in left;
My ninth is in early, but not in late,
And my whole is the name of my native state.

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.

1. Not gin, Penn. 2. Milton Wing. 3. Dear gin. 4. Be liar. 5. So neat.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

Every other letter is omitted.

T. A. N. P. C. I. D. N. H. W. Y. E. H. U. D. O. N. W. E. H. I. O. D. E. I. L. O. D. P. R. F. O. I.

SQUARE WORD, AMENDED.

1. A precious metal. 2. A river. 3. A river. 4. To pull.

[The Puzzle Box thus far was contributed by Lizzie J. Price.]

A BASKET OF GEMS.

1. We called upon Aunt Lydia, Monday. 2. Pass the sugar, Nettie. 3. He came on the five o'clock train. 4. He came up early. 5. Above the mountain top, azure blue gleamed the sky. MARION.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF MARCH 23.

Hidden Acrostic: Evelyn. Square Word: Hard, Area, Real, Dale. Enigma: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Hidden Names of Boys: 1. Augustus. 2. Arch-i-bald. 3. Cole-man. Easy Puzzle: Do-D. Tent-Ten. Debark-Debar. Cape-Cap. Re-R.

Complete sets of answers have been received from Virgil E. Rorer, Frank L. Boothby, George Burrows, Effie L. Williams.

If God has made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound!
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found!

—*Montgomery.*

Wil-lie and the Pen-nies.

A TRUE STORY.

WIL-LIE had been sick for man-y and man-y a long week. Sun-day came, and the chil-dren went to the Sun-day-school, but Wil-lie could not go. It made him sor-ry, O how sor-ry! for Wil-lie loved his Sun-day-school dear-ly. But at last the hard pain went a-way, and Wil-lie was tru-ly get-ting bet-ter. Mam-ma said that if next Sun-day was a bright day he might go to Sun-day-school, and when Wil-lie woke and found the sun shin-ing bright-ly he was ver-y hap-py. What do you think this dear lit-tle boy did? He went to his pa-pa, and said, "Pa-pa, I have been a-way from Sun-day-school fif-teen Sun-days, and so I want fif-teen pen-nies for the mis-sion-a-ry box." Pa-pa gave him the fif-teen pen-nies, and Wil-lie car-ried them to his teach-er. Was he not a dear, thought-ful boy?

"Guard, My Child, Thy Tongue."

FROM PALMER'S SONGS OF LOVE.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong;
Let no e-vil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth be-fore it,
That it do no wrong;
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine ear—
Wick-ed words will sear;
Let no e-vil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin—
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue
Guard while thou art young;
For, a-las! these bus-y three
Can un-ru-ly mem-bers be;
Guard, while thou art young,
Ears and eyes and tongue.

Nel-lie's Way.

"NEL-LIE, what do you do when you feel cross and naught-y?" asked a la-dy of a lit-tle girl five years old. "Shut my lips and my eyes tight, and think a lit-tle pray-er to Je-sus to come and make me feel right." Nel-lie knows the way, doesn't she, children? What if all the Nel-lies and Fred-dys and Wil-lys should do so? Wouldn't that make pleas-ant times!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

Published simultaneously at New York and Cincinnati on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

Subscriptions may commence with April, July, October, or January. But *all* subscriptions must expire with *September* or *March*. Those commencing with *April* or *October* may run *six* or *twelve* months. Those commencing with *July* or *January* may run *three* or *nine* months.

TERMS—*per annum:* Six copies or over to one address, THIRTY-TWO CENTS each. Less than six copies, FORTY CENTS each. This includes the postage, which the publishers are obliged to prepay.

Orders may be sent to NELSON & PHILLIPS, New York; HITCHCOCK & WALDEN, Cincinnati and Chicago; J. P. MAGEE, Boston; H. H. OTIS, Buffalo; J. HORNER, Pittsburgh; J. B. HILL, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. J. B. M'CULLOUGH, Philadelphia; PERKINPINE & HIGGINS, Philadelphia; D. H. CARROLL, Baltimore.

All communications designed for publication should be addressed to the Editor, Rev. J. H. VINCENT, 805 Broadway, New York, Box 121, Station D.